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AMBO.—I'se feared I must, Missus, dat ar Massa rry takes de shine out of dis chile sure. I golly! don't dem boots of yourn glisten! It only took a minute to put dat ar Japanese Polish on em wid a sponge, and my old elbow has been going hard for de last half hour wid dis ere paste blacking, but I can't bring out no such gloss as dat ar, no how—I shall hab to gub em up beat, dat's a fact.

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S. A. Douglas.—Do you think I'm a very sick man, Doctor?

Doctor Jonathan.—Yes, Stephen; the Charleston air disagreed with you decidedly, and I'm very much afraid that that of Baltimore wont be much better.

Matters which it will be well for the Embassy to understand.

If Boole walks behind Simme Boojsen, No-Kami and slaps him on the back, saying, "How are you, old boy! How goes it! Fine day! Let's go out to liquor," this means, in Japanese, "Illustrious Simme Boojsen, I thank Heaven that I am allowed to congratulate your excellency this beautiful morning. I earnestly hope that your excellency is in good health and that your excellency's repose last night was of the sweetest. Will your excellency do me the distinguished honor to join me in a glass of wine to our better acquaintance?"

Should another Alderman unfold a foil of Solace, and, after helping his jaws to an overdue allowance, make a lunge at Moorajaki-Amage, No-Kami, saying "Have a chaw, Chinee?" this would signify that he condescended to place the distinguished No-Kami upon an equal footing with himself, and that he (the N. K.) was welcome to use his soothing fine cut.

Again, if Councilman Blank steps up to Ogoori Boongo, No-Kami and with touching brogue says, "Bedad! but its yerself that's a fine gintleman, so ye are! Sure an' the ould woman says as how she'd be proud as a paycock to hev a look at one of yaze. S'pose ye jist step round to Mott-st. wid me fur half a minute and show yerself to the ould crayter and the childen! They'll be mighty glad to see ye, notwidstanding its half nager ye are."

This betokens a very friendly and hospitable feeling on the part of the Councilmen and is equivalent to cards of invitation to soirée or dejeuner in Jeddo. The No-Kami must positively accept at once, or the consequences will be frightful.

"Something new in Summer Under Garments."

A cool body.

THE SWEEPERS.

A Nocturne.

I.

On Broadway, at the dead of night,
I heard a sound and saw a sight
That filled my very soul with fright.

II.

A rumbling thunder, long and loud,
Proceeding from an inky cloud,
That wrapped all Broadway like a shroud.

III.

Where Tenth-street's gas-lamps dimly shone
The fœtid pall swept slowly on—
A plague like that of Babylon.

IV.

The choking cloud encompassed me—
I could not hear, I could not see—
To breathe was acrid misery!

V.

'Twas sharp and stinging dust that rose
Upon the Summer nights' repose,
To fill my eyes and ears and nose.

VI.

I wandered down the veiléd street,
Not knowing which way to retreat
From that asphyxial winding-sheet.

VII.

A fellow-sufferer struggled by;
"*What is this dust, good Sir?*" gasped I,
With parching gullet, clogged and dry.

VIII.

With accent of ironic spleen,
"*It is,*" he said, "*the new machine*
For keeping Broadway neat and clean!"

IX.

Next morn I found my linen soiled,
And—though to brush them long I toiled—
My best black garments nearly spoiled.

X.

Since then I've often seen that cloud,
Have heard that rumbling thunder loud,
And been enfolded in that shroud.

XI.

I wish the City Fathers were
Compelled each night to breathe the air
Of Broadway when these sweeps are there!

XII.

There is a better kind, I hear,
That keeps the dust from rising clear;
When will it on our streets appear?

XIII.

Till then, all those who walk at night
Must have their clothing ruined quite,
And lose their voices and their sight!

Much Ado About Nothing.

We hear great talk among the dilletanti and Connoiseurs of that C note which Musiani raises from his chest. We fail to see anything wonderful in it. We could put our finger upon a certain banker in Wall-street who never aspired above the dignity of doing "Hail Columbia" or "My Mary Ann," and yet he has entire ability to Raise a pile of C Notes from his Chest, at one and the same time.

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Deaths hand in his game of bluff this Summer—A Full with Yellow Jacks at the head.

JAPANESE CUSTOMS.

We have announced in various numbers of this paper, that we did not intend to be behind the age in anything. In accordance with this announcement, as our notice had been attracted to the fact that our cotemporaries are giving, from time to time, sketches of the manners and customs of the Japanese, we determined to do the same. To this end we last week dispatched our special correspondent to Japan, with orders to take up his permanent residence at Hako-dadi. The result is, that this week we publish the first of his letters, which will be found intensely interesting.

JAPAN, June 11th, 1860.

As it may not be out of the way to make the first of my letters a detail of the customs of this strange people, I have been at peculiar pains to inform myself.

The people of Japan are divided into two distinct sorts, the men and women. The first are very different from the last, and are generally supposed to be of a different sex. There are quite a number of children in Japan, also many young girls, who, when they get old enough, generally get married, or remain single. When the time arrives for a Japanese lady to enter upon a matrimonial state, she prepares herself for this interesting event by cutting off both her legs and arms at the first joint, and tying up her ears with blue ribbons. Her next care from this moment is to always walk with her toes turned out, and to wear nothing on her fingers but diamond rings. Her hair, which she continues to wear in long curls down her neck, is clipped off close to her head, and her eyeballs are stained with a decoction of *rhadamanthus terpsichorus*, giving a delicate pea green hue.

The food of the Japanese is very peculiar, and is entirely regulated by their appetite. With a strange facility, which can only be accounted for by the fact that they are hungry, they will eat two or three times each day. A Japanese gentleman has been known to eat roast pork and other poultry, all at the same meal. They are very fond of Hippopotamus, a large bird, frequently caught in the rivers of that country. They never eat vegetables, but as a substitute use potatoes, cabbage and turnips, all except the last, which they never have, and the first which they intend to import.

Though the Japanese eat very often, sometimes even twice a day, still they are very abstemious as to quantity. I never knew a Japanese to eat more than seventy-five pounds of solid food at a single meal, unless it was on some particular occasion.

In their clothes, I have noticed only Japan wear, but no lack-o'-red. One good sized tea board is a full dress suit for a whole family, only one member going out at a time. This ornamental costume hangs in front, the excessively polite manner of the wearer never allowing him to turn his back on any one. They wear boots very skilfully manufactured from ossified gingerbread, but unlike the people of other countries, the Japanese puts his boots upon his hands, and elevates his feet in the air. This remarkable custom, as a matter of course, compels a number of singular positions, among which that of sitting down is most noticeable. When a Japanese wishes to seat himself, he commences by wrapping each of his legs several times around his neck, finally tucking his feet behind his ears. This accomplished, he turns a back summersault, putting his head under his left arm, and his hands in his mouth. In this state of relaxation he takes his seat, using the top of his head as the part to come in contact with the seat, instead of following the more dignified mode of Americans.

Among the many odd customs of this odd people, I may as well mention their language, which they speak fluently, without any broken accent. It is a simple dialect made up of four thousand, two hundred letters. I learned it last evening, and to show that there is nothing in it, I send a specimen. One of the principal words in use, is—*Rabinabadabaringchingchawcatchimboy*, this being only one syllable, and standing in the same relation as the American word "tod." It is hardly worth my while to offer any more illustrations to show that the language is like everything else belonging to this simple people.

One more thing only I must mention, which is, the skilfulness of the Japanese in jugglery and magic. I was present yesterday at an exhibition of this, when the performer tore up a copy of the New York *Herald*, throwing the fragments into the fire, from which in a moment he drew forth three black crows with their wings badly scorched, and a toad spitting vehemently. After this, the Magician took a bottle holding about a pint and a half of *Saki*, the wine of the country, and after showing the spectators that the bottle was full, of which fact there could not be the slightest doubt, he bent back his head, placed the mouth of the bottle to his own, held it in that position for about three minutes, drew one long breath, and handed the bottle to the audience empty, the contents had vanished. The applause that followed this was terrific.

There are a thousand things equally wonderful in this wonderful land, which I must reserve for future letters. For the present farewell.

AUGUSTUS WALTER FITZ CLARENCE.

Vanity Fair's "Four Year Olds."

The extent to which the "four year old" idea shoots in *Harper* and the *Knickerbocker*, is prodigious! Such precocious wit and wisdom never before illuminated the horizon of the pinafore period. We should think a race of "four-year-old" phenomena, infant MUNCHAUSENS, JOE MILLERS, FENELONS, STERNES, etc., had been made to order, expressly for the use of *Harper* and the *Knickerbocker*. But we are not willing to submit to this monopoly. We have engaged a small but select corps of "four-year-old" contributors for VANITY FAIR. And we think our little jokers at least equal (we are modest in saying only *equal*) in brilliancy, originality, and *authenticity*, to those of any publication in this or any other country. Let the reader judge, however, by the following, from our first "four-year-old:"

Our blue-eyed "four-year old," yesterday was observed to steal into the boot-closet, whence he presently emerged with a bottle of Japanese Polish. Sitting down with a large copy-book before him, he extracted the cork from the bottle, and forthwith commenced tracing hieroglyphs on the pages of his book with the sponge dipped in Polish. Looking over his shoulder we perceived that he was evidently attempting to draw the letter E many times repeated. "What are you doing Georgy?" asked we. "Making *Japanese* (*ees*), papa," replied our "four-year-old," with an arch smile. What think you of this, gentle Reader?

A Lusus Naturæ.

"I've been a-fishing," WILL declared,
"And TOM, I only wish
You had been there, if you had cared
To see a Drunken Fish!"

"A drunken fish?" the other cried,
With wonder in his face;
"What kind was it?" "Why," WILL replied,
"A dreadfull? Tight Pla(i)ce!"

Democratic Definition of Republicanism.

Rant and Rail.

A Blowing Adder.

BARNUM's Lightning Calculator.

THE FOURTH WARD SCHOOLS.

THE Pope is rampant. Not content with kicking up a tremendous row in Italy and Sicily, and pitching his harmless old excommunications at the heads of European sovereigns, he pulls the strings of his puppets in this country, and the bigoted fantoccini instantly commence their old tricks. The Fourth Ward Schools is the field which they have this time chosen for their operations. The Trustees of these Fourth Ward Schools are, it seems, for the most part Irishmen. Irishmen, too, of that class which while profiting by the liberality of this country, reserves to itself the right of being as illiberal as posssible. We make no doubt but that these same Celtic trustees are of the kind who in general conversation, style the Englishman "a base, brutal, and bloody Saxon," and look up to the Archbishop of Tuam as the incarnation of all the cardinal virtues. Nurtured in a fetid hot-bed of bigotry; taught by an amiable and enlightened priesthood to consign every person who does not agree with them to eternal damnation; with no better education than that afforded by listening to treasonable bombast at rebel meetings, or attending religious service performed in a language of which they are ignorant, these vulgar, narrow-minded audacious fellows find their way to this country with little or no money, and brass as hard as that of Corinth; when either by aid of keeping a grog-shop, or turning emigrant-runner, or through some other equally honorable employment they amass a certain sum of money, and become authorities in the land. The bog-trotter is lost in the swaggering colonel of a pea-green regiment, and "PEGGY the crathur" now appears as MRS. O'TOOLE in all the splendor of impossible brocades and ridiculous bonnets. The colonel, however, does not content himself with military glory. He must shove his great dirty hand into public affairs. With a natural proclivity to muck, he seeks and finds an entry into the ranks of the city corporation. He becomes influential in public institutions, and legislates for enlightened Americans. Of the admirable manner in which the family of O'TOOLES perform their duties we have ample evidence in the subject at present under consideration. The papal pestilence has broken out with uncommon violence in the Fourth Ward, and threatens, if not speedily checked, to spread into neighboring districts. The Trustees of the schools in that district have been running a muck among such of the teachers as did not believe in the winking virgin and the bottled blood of JANUARIUS. A man named DOHERTY—isn't the name suggestive of "Repale" and "potaties?"—has made himself particularly active in disposing of all those young women whose religious views did not coincide with his own, and sooner than let the innocent pupils suffer for the want of enlightened tuition, he disinterestedly appoints his own niece to one of the vacant posts. The other Trustees have been acting in a similar manner, and a number of respectable, well-educated young women, have been cast out of a fairly earned employment to suit the purposes of a set of bullying, ignorant bigots. What a pity that the days of the Inquisition have gone by! What festive times this DOHERTY and his gang would have had at the auto da fe and the tortures! The poor recusant teachers would have had something more than their salaries stopped, and the vicious old man at Rome, would have smacked his lips over the report of the proceedings. But the Pontiff's teeth are pulled, thanks to Heaven and GARABALDI, and it remains for us Americans to decide whether we shall not muzzle his myrmidons until they become orderly and respectful.

LIFE OF LINCOLN (ABRAHAM) THE CHICAGO NOMINEE.

COMPILED FROM THE MOST RELIABLE AUTHORITIES.

Hearing that a biography of the Republican Candidate for the Presidency was in preparation, we resolved to forestal this tardy volume, by a brief, clear, full, succinct, comprehensive, detailed outline of Mr. LINCOLN's career, from his birth up to an indefinite period of his existence, including his last will and testament, dying confession, and tragic end, with many other pleasing incidents of his checkered life. To this end, we employed a young gentleman of the V. F. corps, who already bids fair to rival the profound and versatile SYLVANUS EVERETT of the '*Ledger*,' in his brilliant originality, and intelligent zeal for searching hidden lore; and after visiting the treasuries of art, science and literature entombed in the cloisters of the western flatboats, explored the monuments mouldering along the fence-lines of Illinois, interrogated the almanacs, examined the mileage-accounts at Washington, looked through all REYNOLDS', COOPER'S, DUMAS', COBB'S, and LIPPARD'S works, and analytically studied WORCESTER'S (Best) Quarto Dictionary—after all this labor, we say, our Biographer has compiled the following eminently satisfactory (to himself) and remarkable History of the Incorruptible Nominee of the Republican Party. *To Wit:*

ABRAHAM LINCOLN was the eldest of three brothers, respectively called ISAAC and JACOB, and was, with them, though not at the same time, born on the left bank of the Nile, B. C. 3001. Of his early life little is known, though it is believed he once made himself precociously famous by attempting to dam up the waters of his native river with bull-rushes. At the age of eighteen, ABRAHAM built a flatboat, and gathering his family round him, bade them a tender adieu, and started, well provisioned with "old wheat" (mummy-wheat, probably) and "fixins," to discover a wider field for his genius. After a tedious voyage sailing down the Nile to the Ganges, up the Ganges to the Danube, down the Danube to the Burrampooter, and down the Burrampooter to the Mississippi, he arrived "much overcome" (the "old wheat" having given out at this moment) in the State of Illinois, A. D. 1860, just in time to receive the nomination of the Republicans for President of the United States of America. During his adventurous voyage, he encountered many strange vicissitudes of fortune, some of which are not unworthy a passing notice. He was, for instance, in the early period of his voyage, hotly pursued, and frequently nearly overtaken by "FARO," of whom he was in fact, a sort of slave. As he advanced, however, he gradually left this foe behind, and finally lost sight of him entirely. He also spent an indefinite time in the wilderness (but which wilderness, I have been unable to ascertain with certainty) where he subsisted wholly on senna-and-manna, and a very uncomfortable manner of life he found it. He was more than once furiously assaulted with a "poker" by rival flatboatmen, and at other times with an "old sledge," both favorite weapons of that class. But he managed to retort successfully with "rocks," with which he was particularly familiar, having split them frequently, as well as rails, while in the wilderness in search of water, to soften his "old wheat." At one period of his trip, he was sorely worsted in a combat with a Little Giant, who liked to have finished his career by an untimely "blow." But he skilfully retreated behind a "stump," and left the field to his antagonist. He likewise suffered somewhat from an endemic disease common to certain parts of the U. S. called the Tariff, and is even to this day subject to its attacks, now and then. But the worst malady he has ever had to contend with is the Abolition Mania. This virulent plague has unfortunately taken root in his system, and will it is thought, eventually hurry him to a political grave. In person, ABRAHAM is a tallish, shortish, medium-sized sort of man. Not dark, nor yet light. Not very thin, nor very fat. Neither very ugly, nor very handsome. In short, a kind of a sort of a tolerably-looking-like-other-men-more-or-less species of man. Perhaps rather more than less. Age mediæval. In conclusion, I would say that he is lamented by a wide circle of friends, among whom his admirable qualities were highly appreciated, and was then and there executed according to law made and provided, etc.

"Light lie the turf above thee,
Friend of my early days, &c."

My melancholy task is ended! V. F. BIOGRAPHER.

THE NEW WORLD.

THE new *World* is out to-day, with the full knowledge and approval of its mamma.

We don't mean the Western Continent. That was trotted out by COLUMBUS, an ancient buffer who "went into the country" years ago. "'Tis not too late to seek a newer World," and the general public is therefore invited to figure as a modern ULYSSES, and voyage up immediately to No. 35 Park Row.

For the new *World* is nothing less than a newspaper, "an independent morning newspaper"—a virtuous and respectable newspaper—a newspaper in regard to which every promise is made which the most unbounded liberality could support, or the most tireless energy fulfil.

We had the benefit of the Prospectus in the daily papers last Saturday. We read it with diligence, with wonder, with admiration, and with a pipe of Caporal. Shall we not say a good word for our Mother Earth? The *World* is a big thing—at least in the Prospectus.

Various features of that charming and longitudinal document inspired us with awe. The *World* is to be Daily, Weekly, and Semi-Weekly. Think of that! A *World* every day, a *World* once week, a *World* twice a week, in point of fact, for aught we know, "*World* without end"—all for a penny! Verily, we said, "the *World* is our Oyster, which we with knife will open." Then again the *World* is to have the "latest intelligence from Every Quarter of the Globe." To be sure, as the Prospectus says, "this intelligence is furnished, in some good measure at least, by newspapers already established and ably conducted." But that's no reason why the *World* shouldn't exploit its four quarters if it wants to. Still further, which is very refreshing to know, "the *World* has originated in the widely prevalent feeling that the time has come for living Christianity to assert itself in secular journalism more positively than it has yet done." In other words, we said, this is to be a new *World* wherein dwelleth righteousness." Well, that is good, but it's scarcely kind to COL. WEBB. Isn't the *Courier and Enquirer* as nice as anything can be? Hasn't it got lots of "vital Christianity," we should like to know? And then there's the *Tribune!!* Only think what an imputation the *World* must impliedly cast upon the righteous and yellow-haired GREELEY. Well; perhaps he deserves it. But he had thought he long ago put away the vanities of this world. He won't wear good clothes, certainly, and he always said he wasn't an office-seeker. And besides, there's BENNETT. Who says he isn't pious? Look at the Religious Intelligence in the *Herald* every Sunday! Why, even the Theatrical department of that paper is devotional! As to the *Times*, doesn't everybody know that its editor is a member of good standing in an Evangelical Church? Never mind: Possibly the *World* is right in its imputation. It usually is about most things in the long run.

On further consideration it appears that the new *World* is possessed of peculiar merits and advantages, which to the world, hitherto, have been comparatively unknown. "Its capital has been supplied by members of various religious denominations." Thus "the root of all evil" groweth beautifully in holy ground. "The name it bears will be its true index." Thus it will become—like the *Home Journal*—"a map of busy life, its fluctuations and its vast concerns." And alas, notwithstanding it "will rigorously exclude everything unfit to be read in a pure household." What a world it will be, and what an orbit of circulation it will have! "Its correspondence will come from *residents* of the highest intelligence and entirely responsible characters." Refreshing thought—that, at least, there will be a *responsible* correspondent—and not in the Pickwickian sense, either—who is a *resident* somewhere and actually pays taxes. Already we imagine the valorous Baron as he skurrieth after the responsible resident, and already we seem to hear the resonant echoes of Hoboken, clamorous under the morning sky. It will have "fullness of marine and commercial intelligence." This of course, must be good for the Marines, unto whom doubtless it will forever be an authority and a guide. "It will faithfully expose infidelity and immorality, wherever lurking in the current publications of the day." Noble crusade! Easy indeed, considering that infidelity and immorality never lurk but always lie patent. Thankless too, considering the ways of this world: But none the less valiant and praiseworthy. How will the *Recorder* hide its diminished head, and the mammoth *Independent* pale its ineffectual fires! In Politics also the *World* will become a rebuke—even to the comprehensive *Washington Globe*, and the venerable *Boston Courier*. "In politics it will afford early and full information." Consider its all-seeing eye. Consider its visual scope. Why even the "single eye" of POLYPHEMUS WOOD isn't to be mentioned in the same day with it. "It will listen to no threats against the Union." Deafness of Patriotism! Alas, that for love of country, the *World* should lose its ears! Will there be no more threats, we should like to know; and will the heathen cease to rage? Probably not! But the *World* will not hear. "It will avoid bitterness. . . . It will be courteous and genial. . . . It will be free from everything offensive to a pure taste." Evidently it is a world of verdant meadows, in which the young lambs shall gambol, and Pharisees of the period shall frisk about lovingly together. We hail it, therefore, with mingled feelings of admiration and awe. Nor is our enthusiasm anyway abated when we come to know that "for all of the issues, cash in advance must invariably be paid." Never mind the cash. Long live the *World*! In point of fact, long may it wave! We have it on good authority that "All the World's a stage," and the best we can wish for it is a clear road and a good driver.

"Roll on, thou beauteous orb!"

Another Claim.

We publish Mr. McShane's letter, though we hardly know what it is at all about. The nearest guess that we can make is, that the gentleman has read in the daily papers of the meeting of the Commissioners appointed to estimate the damages consequent upon the burning of the Quarantine property in 1858:

Up Town, in the month of Juin Eatin hunder and ——ty.

Jints,

Pursaiving by the nusepapers that ye air sittling the claims of thim chaps that were afther bein down att Staten island, i ginst the hospittle whin it was achitentally burned on purpus, i make bould to request a sittlemint also, i hive had mighty bad luck gintlemin. On the foorth day of Siptimber of last year i was burned out of me nate little plaice on fifty sicond street, and was most kilt intirely wid the hate and coold. My wife bridget lost her best goond and shawl and me boy mike lost his dog, yer honors. Since which time your riverences i hav hed bad panes in me teeth and me hair kim out be the roots. After wich the pig chriture did and divil a wun av me has bin able to do a stroke av wurk, but hav had to opin a shup to sill growserees with sup of sum thin to the by's when they askes fur it dye see yer wor ships, and so wid yer holy majestys pairmision i wud be afther ask'n from yez sum thin be way of remewnerashun. here's me bill yer holinesses.

Cummisshunners fer the clams at
Quarry auntine to terence mac shane, Dr.

for burnin up bridgets goond and bist shawl——goound an and six shawl twilve shillins——total sivin dollars an fifty cints, mikes dog, forteen shillin cash down, wich maikes thirteen dollars, in goold, for mesilf, to pay for the panes in me teeth,——six dollars and the hair off me hed. five dollars an cheap at that wich all toold is foorty foor dollars an aty too cints, with me

plees pay dis rite off,

Terince macshane—

ass quick ass possible, an the pig sivin dollars more, and do not forget it gintlemin an yees can hilp it.

An Independent Obituary.

Mr. BEECHER'S newspaper—that free, gentle, generous journal—published last week a notice of the death of THEODORE PARKER, which must be pleasant to his afflicted flock, which, only a few days ago, thronged the Music Hall in Boston to hear one of Henry's harmonious harangues. *The Independent's* elegy may be condensed into a few bitter tears, as follows:

1. THEO. PARKER believed not as we believe, and therefore he was - - -

HERE AND THERE.

HE festive gambler appears. He is clad in purple and fine linen. Golcondian diamonds adorn his person. His face is rosy and smooth. His feet encased in patent leather, shine like the black stone of Kaaba worn smooth with the kisses of true believers. He promenades himself down Broadway. He does not know a gentleman or a lady. But his way is strewn with ovations from women of the mournful past and still more mournful present; and outlawed men who gather on corners, and congregate in little groups of well-dressed depravation, salute him with nods and smiles. He stops at some fashionable drinking saloon and imbibes the noonday cock-tail. He meets a comrade and arranges the plan by which some victim shall be ruined that evening. He is stopped by politicians and is secured for some electionary scheme, for, although so young, he is a reckless and desperate character, and consequently useful for political purposes. This man I will call REILEY. Later in the evening, this sportive and elegant person, in company with some of his fraternity of vice, is standing at the corner of Howard-street and Broadway. An inoffensive citizen passes. The dashing REILEY insults him. The citizen remonstrates; whereupon the elegant and overpowering REILEY draws a pistol and shoots the citizen through the forehead—happily without fatal results. For this bagatelle, wonderful to relate, the magnificent and oriental REILEY is arrested and imprisoned. His trial came off last week.

He was in no pucker about it—not he! was'nt he the handsome REILEY? Had he not a whole regiment of gamblers and shoulder-hitters at his back? Was not the Court-room filled with the elite of the board of the green cloth? Was'nt Justice "coppered" to lose? REILEY, I am given to understand, was elegant and *insouciant*. I have no doubt but that (so sure was he of acquittal) his congratulatory dinner had been already ordered at FLORENCE'S; that the wine was in ice, and the *purée* on the fire. Nor do I blame REILEY for this sanguine view of affairs. A petition for a merciful consideration of the young dandy's case, signed by a number of prominent citizens and state officials, was presented to Judge RHADAMANTHUS RUSSELL. Amongst these names I see that of the President of the Board of Councilmen, MR. WILLIAM MINER, ISAIAH RYNDERS, &c., &c. Every one of them endorsing a black-guard and desperado of the lowest description. Every one of them pronouncing him to be a peaceful and well-conducted character, when they knew him to be a low gambler, a swindler, and a fellow who only wanted opportunity to become an assassin.

Thank God that Judge RUSSELL rose to the occasion. Jubilate that he found the nerve and courage to sentence this young scoundrel to the States Prison for two years in the face of that threatening crowd of gamblers, shoulder-hitters, and politicians. I fling my cap high in the air for RUSSELL. Vive Le RUSSELL! Go ahead RHADAMANTHUS! Do you want any assistance? I am at your disposal. I can lay my finger on two dozen such fellows as REILEY, each of whom is a festering sore on the city. I hope you will cauterise them, Judge. If VANITY FAIR caustic is of any service to you, you shall have any amount of it in such a cause. You have done well. You will perhaps lose your election, but you will be remembered and honored by all good citizens, and your name will descend to posterity in the Pantheon of VANITY FAIR.

TOMMY is about to arrive. That vivacious and handsome young gentleman of inquisitive and amative temperament will, in a couple of days from this date, be distributed all over the corridors of the Metropolitan hotel, drinking JERRY'S celebrated Japanese punch, flirting with the lady boarders, or beset with long-haired and long-bearded reporters, who stenographically register his wild statements and make inventories of the poor little fellow's clothes.

What would the Japanese Embassy be without TOMMY? A painted pageant. A melancholy assemblage of lacquered idols. An association of amdassadorial hermits. But TOMMY vivifies the inanimate splendor. He is the electric spark that vitalizes that cold diplomatic body. He is a sort of auroral light that plays over, and warms the frozen dignity of the princes.

I would not give the white check of a broken Faro bank to see the secluded SIMME BOOJSEN NO KAMI, or even the mystical Namoura. But I want to see TOMMY. Every body wants to see TOMMY. He is one of the boys. Fifth avenue is on the qui-vive about him. Crinoline palpitates with anticipation. He is the one subject of conversation of Madam CANCAN'S school, and the young ladies there have already had deadly quarrels about the young Japanese beau. I confess I envy TOMMY his New York destiny. I have a vision of him dying of seraphic suffocation under mountains of tarletane, tulle and point lace. I behold him riddled with glances from Minie eyes. I see his naive, handsome face glowing with bewilderment and pleasure as the lovely Dryads of Madison square rush upon him in hordes, and bear him away struggling in their midst, as the beautiful Hylas was snatched by the amorous nymphs of the Scamander, and wafted down to their sea-green grottos.

Even the male juveniles are raving about TOMMY. My cousin NED, whom you may remember my having mentioned before, is in a state of great excitement. NED is fully under the impression that TOMMY is a little boy about his own age, and that he was specially imported from Japan to be his playfellow. NED has confidentially informed me that he is going to make him a present of his best top, besides a splendid collection of agate marbles. I have no doubt, from what I have heard of TOMMY'S vivacious habits, that when NED calls on him they will have a game of Taw in the Ring together. Our youngster counts on it as certain.

Apropos of the Japanese, I see by the papers that the sights with which our legislators delight them, are of the most singular nature. A professor in Jefferson College, Philadelphia, took them the other day to see a performance of the operation of lithotomy. It is probable that Alderman Boole will improve upon this hint and treat the Princes to a carefully selected programme of horrors. I beg to suggest a few items. For instance, the Alderman with little or no difficulty and a small expense could get up a frightful stabbing affray in the First Ward, with a first floor commanding the scene reserved for the Embassy. When the display of the various fire engines comes off, what more simple than to throw in a real fire in a tenement house with terrible loss of life. I am sure the Ambassadors would enjoy it largely. Then there are the remains of the murdered woman found near the Jersey City Ferry which would prove an interesting spectacle to foreigners. They are, I believe, in a highly satisfactory state of decomposition. The whole to conclude with a grand hanging festival at the city prison, on which occasion all the prisoners now under sentence of death might be lauuched into eternity to the great satisfaction and enlightenment of our guests. Let MR. BOOLE think upon it.

A "Happy Dispatch."

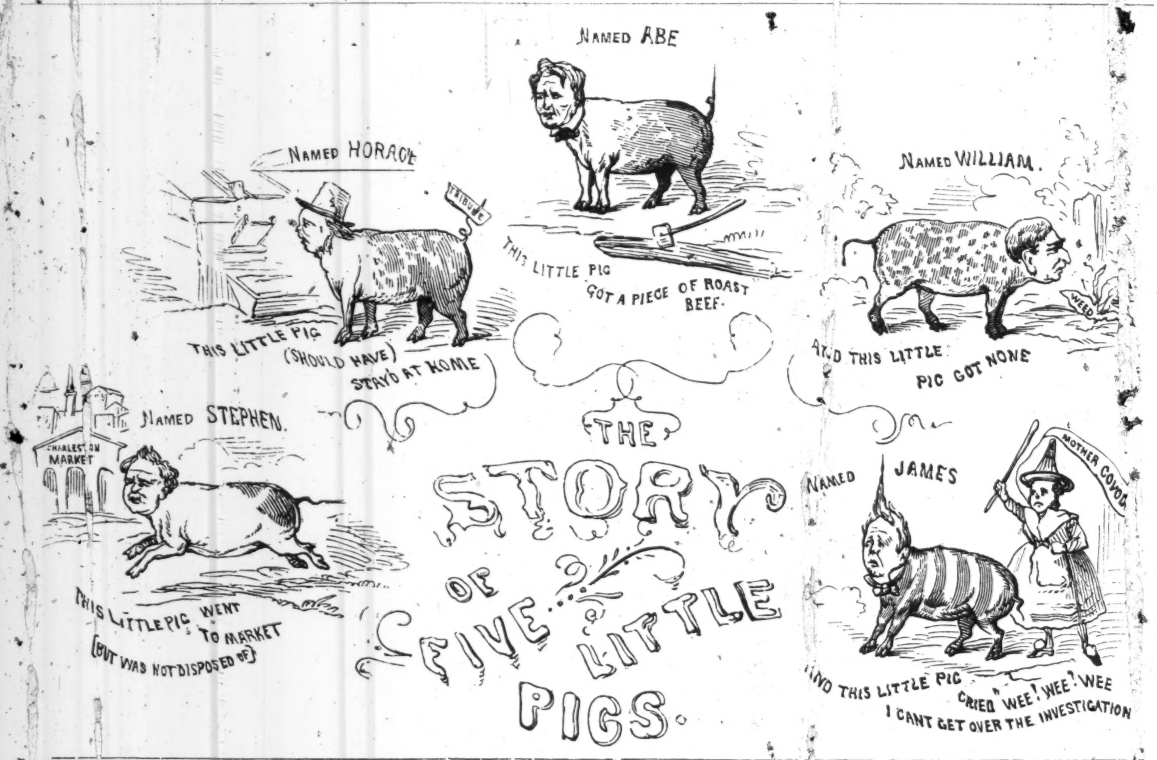
Our nearest friends have never known us to object to GUINNESS' Stout, but we could not, in spite of all our efforts, acquire a taste for the Stout GUINNES, who has—we find by the *Herald* of Sunday last—just left these shores. The REV. H. GRATTON, we believe, made a very good thing out of this country, pecuniarily, but even if he did not, we are very glad to hear that he is Well Off.

Deed worthy of Record.

We never knew whether PROF. WISE was a liberal man in money matters or not, and we are therefore glad to learn that on a recent aeronautic excursion, he Came Down Handsomely.

All on account of Judge Russell.

We advise visitors at Sing Sing to be very careful just now what they say to the prison officials, for those functionaries will Get REILEY very soon.


NAMED ABE
NAMED HORACE
TRIBUNE
THIS LITTLE PIG GOT A PIECE OF ROAST BEEF.
NAMED WILLIAM.
THIS LITTLE PIG (SHOULD HAVE) STAYD AT HOME
AND THIS LITTLE PIG GOT NONE
NAMED STEPHEN.
CHARLESTON MARKET
THIS LITTLE PIG WENT TO MARKET (BUT WAS NOT DISPOSED OF)
THE STORY OF FIVE LITTLE PIGS.
NAMED JAMES
MOTHER COBB
AND THIS LITTLE PIG CRIED WEE! WEE! WEE I CANT GET OVER THE INVESTIGATION

VANITY FAIR WELCOMES THE EMBASSY ON BEHALF OF THE LADIES.

We feel called upon this week to perform an honorable and pleasing duty, to stand sponsor for the ladies of New-York, who, through us, offer a smiling welcome to our illustrious Japanese guests.

We hope our position will be distinctly understood—we are the organ of the Fair Daughters of Manhattan, only. It would be an unpleasant thing to become responsible for the acts of an unruly city government, and should such an offer even be made us, we would wrap ourself in a mantle of dignity, and peremptorily decline the honor.

But the esteem we have for our Metropolitan Belles, our acquaintance with their noble qualities, their amiability, their generous hospitality, united with a natural frankness and modesty of disposition, enables us to assure the Ambassadors that the homely but expressive greeting, "Glad to see you!" will be fully verified during their sojourn with us. Mr. Tateish Onojero (Tommy) will doubtless feel flattered on finding that his celebrity will have gained him the position of a long expected friend, rather than that of a young gentleman appearing for the first time among us. From Washington Heights to East Broadway, Tommy is already a household word, and we have no doubt that, with pardonable vanity, thousands of young misses have lately undergone a thorough course of training for the purpose of developing a high order of good-looks, winning ways, graceful carriage, and irresistible smiles, against his advent.

We have reason to know that he has looked forward to his visit with anxious expectation; nevertheless he will be agreeably surprised on discovering himself such a Lion among so many Lambs.

We can only add a hope that the municipal authorities will keep themselves and their projected fêtes as much in the back-ground as possible, and make room for the ladies, who are alone capable of receiving and entertaining our distinguished visitors in a manner at once creditable to New-York and gratifying to them.

Query.

Don't it possible, that, though one swallow does not make a summer, one May make a Spring?

What the Republicans depend on for Success.

Gall-lery.

Clerical Bonhomie.

The White Choker is not commonly considered one of the insignia of jollity. Lively people are apt to shun the men of the pulpit. It is therefore a great thing to meet or hear of a preaching gentleman who is not above a laugh, a joke, or even a frolic; who in short "takes the sense" of old Solomon's remark that "there is a time for *everything*." It seems that the reverend Corbitt is such an individual. Tired with ceaseless labor, and standing on the deck of the steamer which is bearing him to a haven of temporary ease, he hears one of his late affectionate flock bawl out, from the shore,

"How long are you going to be away?"

Does he clasp his hands, look heavenward, and say, "God only knows?" Not a bit of it. Going into a broad grin, the jolly Corbitt roars in reply,

"Till I come back!"

The report says "this occasioned much laughter, with remarks of "that's Corbitt, exactly!" How significant! How glad we are to know that that *was* Corbitt, exactly! We don't insist that a minister shall always be *original* in his jokes, so long as he isn't intimidated by the rather general notion that he shouldn't make 'em at all. Corbitt, we'll be bound, is none the less a Christian because he is a man of sense. When he returns we shall try and get him to write for Vanity Fair. We believe he could beat the once celebrated Dr. Tyng, with one hand tied behind.

Query.

If, at seventeen, the eldest son of Victoria Regina is Prince of Wales, what will he be when Full Groan?

Ten Beck's ($60,000) Motto.

After Napoleon III.

L'Umpire, cela paie!

What do you think of This?

What does a man fear after having his nose pulled?
Answer next (t) week.

Something the Japanese can't see through.

The Spectacles the Aldermen will make of themselves.

"GLAD TO SEE YOU!"

PUNNING MADE EASY.

Every Man his own Punster.

(Continued.)

Oh! Divine Art of Punning! Those minor sciences and small atoms of philosophy, which relate only to transitory things, what a crowing and cackling is made over them by the unlearned! Geology, Cricket, Metaphysics, Chess, what are these to the secret chemistry, by which the hidden souls of words are called from their shells, as the Dryad is charmed from her tree? To the initiated the Pun is the primal mystery, the invisible centre, and pineal gland of thought, the suggestive impulse of poetry, the analysis of language, the fountain of humor, the electricity of tongues, the circle of all analogies, and original of all wit. How often have we, celestial punsters, lying on the green grass, by the blue river and under the blue sky, punned and punned till the word we flushed in English, was bagged at last in Latin. Metamorphoses unknown to Ovid, and by Dante unimagined, our enchanted lips controlled; in the fiery furnaces of our thought lead was alchemized to gold. We chased words as butterflies; upon a single word, we rang a thousand changes; it flew from lip to lip, winged with flame, and colored as the Chameleon; our puns were as the Indian God one body, and a hundred faces, and all of them a-laughing. The stream of fantasy knew no shallow, and like the Puntic sea, ne'er felt retiring ebb, but kept due on to the Propuntic. Oh! Divine Art!—But whither am I carried?—Forgive me this passionate burst, into which I was hurried by the impetuosity of my feelings.

I am requested to state the origin of the Pun. Its co-existence with spoken language may be safely asserted. Fossil puns doubtless exist, though owing to the degradation of Geology, they have not been found. It is shameful that an occupation which might be so useful, should be wasted upon stones. The gigantic and colossal puns made in the cumbrous language of the Megatherium must have left their traces on the rocks and mountains of their era. Who can doubt that the tremendous internal chasms of the earth, are the effects of stupendous and subterranean puns. Similar convulsions are now felt in the human breast. Or if this be too bold an hypothesis to them may we attribute the boulders. A striking proof of this assumption is found in the fact that, after uttering the last sentence, I felt the ground tremble under my feet.

It is almost useless to speak of the appearance of the Pun, when we remember that in this age German scepticism has actually denied its existence! "It is impossible," says Strauss, "that a pun can be: otherwise, I would perceive it, for I am omniscient. I care not two straws for contradiction." What absurdity! "Puns and Ghosts," remarks Fichte, are superstitions only believed by the vulgar; I am not vulgar; therefore, I do not believe them." But what can we expect of an Atheist?—"I will not deny," says another fool, "that Puns *may* be *made*" (now look at that!—what other refutation do we need?) in the future, but I am certain they do not exist in the present; for I have spent my whole life in trying to make one, but without success; and although so-called puns have been pointed out to me, I have not been able to see them." It was not then for want of I's. For myself, I am not surprised that the Pun could not germinate in the German, for it is a diabolical language that nobody understands.

How different in India! That is a land worth something, where the dialect of an entire province is called the Punjaubee, and all the wise men are called Pundits; *i. e.* Punsayers.

Upon the publication of my first great chapter, I met with much opposition from my friends, who either from ignorance or envy, deny my genius, and ridicule my system. "Why continue such absurdities," they say, "you are only laughed at for your trouble. The immoral tendencies of the pun are universally known, and unless it enforces some moral principle, or serves manufactures or commerce, it is below the notice of the brute. In fact," they triumphantly continue, "did you ever hear a hog make a Pun, or a dog ask a conundrum?" But they do not see that the dog has not the *capacity*, that it is punning that distinguishes the man from the hog. I go in for the pure pun, the whole pun, and nothing but the pun. Its immorality I deny; a good punster cannot be a bad man, of which I am a living proof.

I admit, however, that punning carried to excess, may produce evil. There is nothing more exhausting; it is even worse than boxing, or sitting up at night to read Tupper. The spasmodical, violent style, so popular at present, unless reformed, must injure our natural health. Tom Hood punned himself into a consumption, and says that he "spat more puns and blood than any living man." I would restrict the allowance of a punster in good health to eighty or ninety a day, certainly not more than a hundred. I frequently make six or seven hundred before dinner, but then everybody has not my constitution.

There is another abuse of the art, to which I must reluctantly object, and that is the habit some physicians have of punning in their prescriptions. The practice is productive of poisoning. Still, if the physician has a really good pun, I could not conscientiously advise him to suppress it.

There is no doubt that this malicious opposition to the pun, is the work of disappointed amateurs. As a consequence, great minds that might have been glorious examples, are prejudiced in favor of poetry, manufactures, or science. There is Buchanan, whose real talent lay in mixing up words, yet who actually allowed himself to be President! As a punster he might have been great; as a President, what is he?

To the young I say, and I say it impressively, your only hope is in beginning when your mind is fresh. Do not trifle with your duty, and postpone this important matter till perhaps too late. Your career may be cut short, before you have made a single pun. There was Immanuel Kant, the great German, who wasted eighty years upon metaphysics; in his dying hours he suffered the greatest agony. A weeping friend, seeing how badly he looked, asked him if he could speak. He answered No, and appeared delirious. Can you tell your name? said the weeping friend. Rolling his eyes, he replied, I. Kant, and fell back insensible. There's a warning for you! Though it is true he recanted in his last moments, are you sure *you* will have the same opportunity? You may be blown up in a steamboat, and how then can you Come Down with your conundrum? Few men, alas! have the courage, and presence of mind, to pun successfully on their death-beds.

"BIRDS IN THE HIGH HALL GARDEN."

Grass that may be trespassed upon, and a river that was dammed long ago, (begging Madam's pardon) with real water, are the chief attractions of Fairmount Park, in the distant city of Philadelphia. There, in the sweet summer evenings, brass bands will play, though Neal, the great Councilman, *did* fear that music would attract a "mixed crowd," and that the Muse would lead to a Muss. There also, literature is blended with foliage, in the shape of the following sublime

Caution!

All persons are forbidden molesting the Birds climbing and mutilating the trees injuring the flowers and bathing in the River, under a penalty of Five Dollars.

"It must have been Jove's tree, that bore such fruit." Any Bird capable of such conduct ought to come to New-York, and get a situation on the Police. He must certainly be on a lark, raven mad, or robin the "roughs" of their immemorial privileges. Consistently the indulgent Park Committee should provide the Birds with towels and soap when they bathe, and assist their climbing propensities with ladders.

RECIPE FOR SUMMER "TONIC."

R: Spiritus Vini Otardi, ℥ i

Spiritus Vini Jamaici, ℥ ss

Sugarum Whitum, ℔ s

Icibus Finis, "

Mintibusque, "

Sliceum Pineapplei,

Strawberrii.

Shakistis violenter. Suckite dulciter cum strawum.

Too Zealous, by Half!

Police-Inspector Foulke, Folke, Foulk, or Folk, or whatever his name may be, is getting altogether too irrepressible, and ought to be snubbed very severely by somebody. Having made an ass of himself—and a bull-dog likewise—at the Willett's Point prize-fight, he is trying to defend his brutal course by the most inane and absurd means. Last week, he "had up" four officers for disobeying his orders on the interesting occasion just named, but it appeared that the men had legal leave of absence, and were out for a holiday when Foulke, Folke, Foulk, or Folk met them. Even then they were willing to serve, but while they were breakfasting, he left them, without giving any explicit orders at all. The first of May—moving day—is past and forgotten, but really, Messrs. Commissioners, don't you think there is still time for one more Removal—that of Foulke, Folke, Foulk or Folk, from office?

MR. FOGBELL (*who is in love*) HAVING INADVERTENTLY TAKEN UP A SHOW UMBRELLA INSTEAD OF HIS OWN, WHILE SHOPPING, BECOMES—WELL, YOU CAN SEE FOR YOURSELF!

METROPOLITAN AMUSEMENTS.

At the (present) Park Theatre there is being performed a play of unusual interest, though to thin houses. We admit our tardiness in allowing it to reach this stage (not necessarily a pun) of its successful run without a critical notice, but are consoled by the reflection that every good thing (such, for example, as an article from us) is better late than never. But to our task.

The lessee of this establishment seems to have relied solely on the merits of his company and pieces for success, instead of adopting the stupendous poster and monotonous newspaper style of advertising, so popular up-town; he has not so much as informed the public that his house is open at all. Very few people, therefore, know of its vast resources and the completeness with which every drama is mounted; this renders our duty as critic doubly pleasing, by affording us an opportunity for calling public attention to the quality of the light which this modest gentleman hides under a bushel.

Were we called upon to compose a hand-bill for the piece last brought out here, our ideas of it would be expressed somewhat as follows:—

IMMENSE ATTRACTION!

NINETY-FOURTH PERFORMANCE OF THE HIGHLY SUCCESSFUL AND STRICTLY ORIGINAL TRAGIC FARCE ENTITLED

BOOL!!!

OR THE

FOOL OF THE PERIOD.

Got up expressly for this establishment, unadapted, and intended solely for the Boards of Aldermen and Councilmen.

CAST OF CHARACTERS.

Bool, the Fool of the Period,	Alderman Blank.
Villain of the Piece,	A certain Half-Blind High Functionary of New-York.
Lesser Villains, who hire out by the job,	9 Rum-shop Keepers.
Victim of Misplaced Confidence,	Miss Taxpayer.
Emigrant Runners, Horse Jockeys, Peter Funks, Loafers, Gamblers, Steerers, and Shoulder Hitters,	Competent Actors.
Railroad Engineer,	Mr. Lex.

THE SCENE IS LAID IN NEW-YORK AND VICINITY.

Manager,	Any One and Every One.
Prompter,	The Gentleman in Black.
Scene Shifter,	Various Circumstances.
Treasurer,	Breeches Pockets.

The most remarkable feature of BOOL is that it is as yet unwritten; every actor seems from the start to know his cue perfectly. The plot and sub-plots are admirably worked out, and the spectator's interest never flags. To analyse it after the established manner of theatrical notices is out of the question, since it bears, in reality, but little resemblance to SHAKSPEARE'S, BOURCICAULT'S, PLANCHE'S, TOM TAYLOR'S, COYNE'S, BROUGHAM'S, or WELL-KNOWN-LITERARY-GENTLEMAN-OF-THIS-CITY'S productions.

The dialogue is sparkling, the wit laughable. The characters are well apportioned, the scenery good, and the dresses appropriate, to say the least. The curtain rises on the interior of a well-furnished apartment in the City Hall. A dozen or two of Aldermen are scattered around; some occupying three or four chairs apiece, others elevating their feet upon window sills, and all lounging about in free and easy style. Two or three have relieved themselves of their coats, a half-dozen are busy talking and smoking. The action of the play turns upon the fact that BOOL (who enters in a state of intoxication) and his companions are anxious to obtain possession of a vast amount of property belonging to a truly honorable young lady, named TAXPAYER. This is the reason of their meeting. The difficulty which they have to surmount is not, however, so much her ability to defend her rights as for them to overcome, or rather get ahead of, the VILLAIN who is more powerful than they, and equally covetous. Being part and parcel of his retinue, they cannot, of course, stir a step without his knowledge. They are consequently always scheming how to bamboozle him first, and then seize the unsuspicious maiden's treasures.

Under the circumstances it will not do for them to allow the VILLAIN to suspect what they are at, else he might turn the tide of success against them, and in his own favor.

The VILLAIN, after awhile, overdoes matters, and finds himself brought up standing before the young lady herself, in the very act of carrying off her gold and silver. His terror, protestations of innocence and attempts to throw the blame upon the shoulders of BOOL and his friends afford a rich scene and develope some fine acting. The timid modesty of TAXPAYER, coupled with her conscientious desire to do right, and her absolute refusal to allow her guards to seize the rascal as he deserves, are in high contrast with his cringing, cowardly attitudes and speeches.

At this juncture BOOL (ever anxious to make a greater fool of himself than he is) volunteers to become the lady's champion and defender. She, supremely disgusted with his bestiality, and to save herself from his importunities, tells him to act as he pleases, and he accordingly does so. Flushed with his apparent success, he at once sets about revenging himself upon the discomfited VILLAIN, and proceeds also to lay out a long programme of riotous enjoyment for himself and companions. He busies himself with plans for entertaining the friends of Miss TAXPAYER, especially an English Prince and several Japanese Embassadors, who happen to be visiting the country. His idea is, of course, to do this in her name, styling himself her protector, and leaving her to pay the cost. The success of his game soon becomes eveident, for, rather than subject herself to the pain of being held up before the world as an object of ridicule and a dupe of BOOL, she quietly parts with thousands of dollars when the bills are presented.

One step leads to another, until finally she awakens to a sense of her unenviable position. BOOL, after having exhausted her resources, seizes and casts her into the Eldridge-street jail for the rest of her life.

In the meantime the VILLAIN has regained his equanimity, and laid a deep plot for robbing BOOL in turn, who, as soon as he found how easily TAXPAYER yielded to his first demands, became bolder and openly filled his own and friends' pockets from her coffers.

The VILLAIN'S tactics are not so easily seen through as were BOOL'S, but enough transpires to render the downfall of the latter imperative. He dies by his own hand. His successful rival is deeply affected by this catastrophe, and sheds tears over the body. The triumph of rascality being now complete, of course the VILLAIN finds himself lagging "superfluous on the stage," and so orders down the drop.

There are many inconsistencies and false positions noticeable in the piece, but on the whole, the lesson it inculcates is good. No one can really regret TAXPAYER'S fate, when, by a little more sturdy decision of character, she could have averted it. Her punishment is undoubtedly just.

The part of BOOL is unusual in tragic works, but could not be easily omitted in this case.

The RAILROAD ENGINEER turns out to be a mere myth whom the VILLAIN introduces for the purpose of frightening BOOL. Taking it all in all it is, as we said, a clever production and will doubtless have a splendid run. It will be repeated to-night.

Sentiment by an Old Salt.

"Some folks likes the riggin' of the REBECCA, and some folks likes her 'commodations, but for my part, I likes the Hull of her!"

GERMANTOWN GRAPHICS.

THERE are other marvels besides *socks* in Germantown. There are so many, in fact, that I shall dispense with their enumeration at present. It would be too much glory for Germantown. I might suffer the consequences of fame as their chronicler. But I must not pass them all unnoticed. A word must be said of the TOLL-GATE. The TOLL-GATE is a monument, erected upon the principal (and only) *street* of Germantown, in commemoration of the fact that it *i. e.* the *street* was once a turnpike. (Once, I say, because I am not acquainted with the "oldest inhabitant.") Now, it, *i.e.* the *street* is a passenger railway. A respectable man is appointed guardian of this monumental Toll-Gate. It is an admirable fac-simile of a *real* toll-gate. And, to keep up the illusion (pleasing fancy, eh!) the respectable custode scrupulously demands toll from every vehicular passenger (except the railway p's.) The patriotism, *esprit du corps*, or whatsisname, of the citizens of Germantown is such, that they as religiously pay the respectable watchman of the monument his toll as if it were a commonplace toll-gate, and he a vulgar gateman. Being placed (as nearly as the uncertain longitude of Germantown would permit) about the centre of the town, there is a frightfully continuous ebb and flow of remunerative travel through it all day, every day. There is, however, no ebb in the guardian's receipts. All flow! Let me present a single example of the felicitous effect of this monument, in a personal experience, by which you can "imagine the rest."

I started in a wagon from one quarter mile below the monument, to go to a store just sixty-seven feet above it. *At* the monument the respectable guardian remarked "two cents." I replied centsibly, in silence. Returned from store, sixty-seven feet, to monument, bound downward. Guardian made same remark. I answered similarly. Drove on a hundred yards. Recollected I had forgotten something in store sixty-seven feet above monument. Turned back. Bowed *very* politely to guardian as I was passing through monument, up. Guardian exclaimed "Two cents!" Ascented again! Recovered obliviated article, turned down again. Looked with meek inquiry at Guardian as I neared the monument for fourth time. Guardian smiled (he *did!* by Heliogabalus!) and naively accosted me with "Two cents!" I confess I was fairly incentsed at this. But I am not a Germantowner. And what is more, I don't want to be! The conversation in Germantown is—"not to put too fine a point on it"—peculiar. I mean, the topics of conversation. I do not think, however, that their peculiarity consists in their brilliancy, nor in their originality, nor in their display of thought, or wit, or sentiment. Especially among the *bourgeois*. Judge: I walked up *the* street of Germantown, yesterday. Various *bourgeois* were sitting in proprietary dignity on their steps, engaged in familiar chat with neighboring *bourgeois*. I caught fragments of their discourse as I passed along. And the first remark I overheard was from a large, rotund *bourgeois* to a lean wiry *bourgeois*. And this was the remark: "Yes! I've got—lemmesee—five of 'em; five screw-drivers; two I carry in my pocket, and three I don't; haw! haw!" And the lean and wiry *bourgeois* responded, "And three you don't! he! he!" I passed on, until I came within earshot of colloquy number two. This was between a small, hatchet-faced *bourgeois*, and a dark, saturnine brigandish-looking *bourgeois*, holding a paling fence between them. Said the brigand: "Jake, le's swap knives unsight-unseen." And the hatchet-faced replied: "By hokey!" His feelings were too many for him, probably, for he choked at "hokey," and I passed on. But this will do for to-day. So consider me passed on, till further!

HANS VON PUCK.

Telegraphic.

Senator DAVIS objects to the clause in the Army Appropriation bill, providing for the creation of a telegraphic signal officer with the rank and pay of a major of Cavalry. We presume he does it on the ground that officers should not be Signalized at the expense of government.

"A Rat! A Rat!"

A song, sung in a burlesque at NIXON'S, proposes that, if our Japanese guests are partial to the Rat as an esculent, they should be taken up to Bellevue therefor. This would indeed be Hospital-ity!

Summer Motto.

"Tempus Fugit"—Fly-time.

Modesty Immense.

We love modesty, especially if it be coupled with type and paper. In this light we reprint this delicious morsel from the *Evening Post*, and charge nothing for the advertisement.

The *Evening Post* means to do all the good it can during the coming Presidential canvass. It means to elect LINCOLN and HAMLIN if it can. It means to turn out the present most corrupt of administrations, and install an honest administration in its place. For that purpose it desires a larger circulation even than it has, and therefore will be issued at the cheapest rates.

In the first place we congratulate society upon the intentions of the *Post*, "to do all the good it can during the coming Presidential canvass." Could not the *Post* hurry up the good time coming, and commence its angelic mission before the breaking out of the Presidential Campaign? How delicately is that reservation put in, "if it can." Why "if," oh, *Post*? Why not be positive and give as much comfort to the hearts of LINCOLN and HAMLIN, as you strike terror into the breast of "the present most corrupt of administrations." Has not the fiat gone forth that you will hurl down "his Majesty the Emperor of the United States" and his wretched advisers, "and install an *honest* administration in its place." But ah! there is but one step from the sublime to the pecunious, and yet how gently is the proposition put! "For that purpose it desires a larger circulation even than it has (should'nt wonder) and therefore will be issued at the cheapest rates."

Oh! most lame and impotent conclusion.

"Spells" of Weather.

Wether: Whether: Wuthur (celtic) &c.

Tommy.

Fie! TOMMY! Be still! You little Japanese Cupid! What will your folks say of you when you go home? What will that little fairy-like Jeddonese in Ker-Chew street say, when she hears of your capers in America? Won't she box your ears when she sees you again? Eh? Won't she pout her pretty lips and look cross and be sulky, and tell you she knew how it would be if you once got amongst those bold Yankee girls? Won't she scold you, and say she will have nothing more to do with you and bounce out of the room to indulge in a real jolly cry by herself? Ah! TOMMY! TOMMY! Be careful! Don't your conscience trouble you when a thought of her arises? Poor thing! Far away in Niphon, singing and sighing by turns, wishing you would come back to her, wondering how you could ever have left her. Wondering if you have forgotten her. Wondering whether you will fall in love with a foreigner. Wondering what you are doing this minute. Wondering what the nice presents will be that you promised to bring her. Yes, poor thing! Why didn't you bring her with you? Wasn't it cruel of you to venture so far, and for so long, away from her? You know you like to flirt, TOMMY. You get wild about "Pletty ladee"—you do; You like to kiss "Pletty ladee"—you do; You smile and smirk and bow and scrape to "Pletty ladee"—you do. You know "Pletty ladee" likes you; take care! Be true to dear little FAR-AWAY. "Pletty ladee" won't be half so true to you as your own little FAR-AWAY. So, TOMMY, be a good boy; don't flirt with the girls; don't act like fast Young American boys; don't shame the NO KAMIS, so that they will have to send for the Happy Despatch. No! Be a model little Heathen! Do, for the sake of sweet FAR-AWAY, your own dear little Heathen, in Ker-Chew street, Jeddo! Do! Won't you? Try!

A SCENE IN CENTRAL PARK.

Policeman.—YOU YOUNG RASCAL, IF I CATCH YOU TURNING SOMERSAULTS ON THE GRASS AGAIN, I'LL——

Light and airy Youth.—BA—A—H! WHO PISONED THEM SWANS?

How V. F. Proposes to Do It.

If the business community will hold its peace for one moment, and listen to a few suggestions from us, we shall feel greatly obliged. We want this wrangling about sites for public buildings stopped. We consider ourself capable of locating them all advantageously and satisfactorily. For instance, we would build the new Post Office on Sandy Hook, the new City Hall on Washington Heights, the Custom House in the Central Park, the Exchange on Corlear's Hook, and a Court House or Hall of Justice on the Battery. The Quarantine would also look well in the old Park.

This would render everything handy for everybody. Should you wish to mail a letter, all you would have to do would be to jump into an omnibus, ride to a steamboat and sail down to the Hook; this would prove very pleasant, especially in rough weather. Washington Heights is not only "the Paradise of America" (*Herald*) but also a centre of legal business, so that it is obviously a desirable spot for the City Hall. The Central Park fronting, as it does, the entrance to our Harbor, is a capital site for the new Custom House; ships might anchor within fifty feet of its portico. The Exchange must be easily accessible to merchants, and for this reason the well-known Hook, or perhaps, the Dry Dock would be appropriate. As the chief fault found with our court accommodations is a lack ot ventilation, the Battery at once strikes us as being a locality possessing pure air. It would be found especially suited to the uses of the Marine Court, for lots of sea-room could be procured. The Quarantine would be an ornament to the Park and out of the way of all rioters, so we think it would be as well to erect it there at once.

A Lease for which there seems no law.
The Metropolitan Po-lice.

THE SONG OF THE DYING SWAN.

I.

Ungrateful people! From my old Hanse town
I came to enhance the beauties of your Park,
"Some" was I in the Hanse. My handsome down,
White as the snow, was there a thing of mark,
And on the gown of burgher patriarch
Was valued too, at many a mark and crown;
Yet after all I've crossed the briny ocean
To perish by a nasty Yankee potion.

II.

The summer sun slopes down the noonday sky;
The blue policeman slopes away to drink.
Convulsed and solitary, in anguish, I
Sing my last song upon the lakelet's brink.
That song whose cadences unearthly sink
Into the heart of him who wanders by,
And leaves a sorrow in its core of fire
Like the weird utterance of the Æolian lyre.

III.

Is this the boasted hospitable shore
That takes the alien to its giant breast;
Offers the migratory bird its store,
And greets the wood-cock to its summer nest?
Is this the land that says it has expressed
A freedom that the world ne'er knew before?
I knew not—did not know—before I came
That Liberty and arsenic were the same.

IV.

Oh! peaceful Hamburg with thy peaceful lakes!
Oh! honest burly burghers of the town!
Oh! festive sugar-plums and fruity cakes
By rosy-fingered children deftly thrown!
Far from those joys I make my dying moan;
A fiery thirst my æsophagus bakes,
Along each feather thrills the deadly shiver,
And darkly fades each rock and tree and river.

V.

Oh! that my song could mount upon the wind
And thrilling over intervening seas,
Give warning to those mates I left behind
Not to forsake the happy land of cheese.
Oh! plumed relations, stay at home in ease,
Beware these shores inclement and unkind,
For if the Central Park you e'er set eyes on
You'll die like Dinah of a cup of pison.

Rather a Long Stretch.

May is generally considered an excellent month for advertising. There are whole blocks of houses to let or to sell; the spring trade is just at its height; travel is brisk, and, in a word, the daily papers are full of advertisements of all sorts. Naturally enough, then, their proprietors desire to extend the busy period as long as possible, but we do not think that anybody has a right to tamper with the received divisions of time, in the manner adopted by the *Herald* of June 7th. In order to prolong the May advertising, that paper had the rashness to extend the month in the following style, which, we trust, will be condemned by all right-minded and conservative people:—

Despatches from COL. F. W. LANDER, superintendent of the United State overland wagon road, were received at the Interior Department to-day. He left San Francisco on the 46th of May.

The Forty-Sixth of May indeed! No no, MR. BENNETT, you must not take the season into your own hands in this way, or we shall be having it May until the middle of September. If you insist upon lengthening out the busy months, at least have the delicacy to consult with the Associated Press, and leave room for the Fourth of July to come before Christmas!

The Construction of the "American Drama."

Constructive Larceny.

ROCKHILL & WILSON,

603 & 605 CHESTNUT STREET,
PHILADELPHIA.

MEN AND BOYS CLOTHING,

Of the finest fabrics and most fashionable make.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

To which we invite the attention of the public.

PURIFY THE BLOOD.

MOFFAT'S VEGETABLE LIFE PILLS.

AND

PHŒNIX BITTERS.

The high and envied celebrity which these pre-eminent Medicines have acquired for their invariable efficacy in all the diseases which they profess to cure, has rendered the usual practice of puffing not only unnecessary, but unworthy of them. They are known by their fruits; their good works testify for them, and they thrive not by the faith of the credulous.

IN ALL CASES OF

ASTHMA, ACUTE and CHRONIC RHEUMATISM,

AFFECTIONS of the BLADDER and KIDNEYS,

BILIOUS FEVERS and LIVER COMPLAINTS.

In the South and West, where these diseases prevail, they will be found invaluable. Planters, farmers and others, who once use these Medicines, will never afterwards be without them.

COSTIVENESS, COLDS & COUGHS, CHOLIC.

DYSPEPSIA.—No person with this distressing disease should delay using these medicines immediately

Eruptions of the Skin, Erysipelas, Flatulency.

FEVER AND AGUE.—For this scourge of the western country these medicines will be found a safe, speedy and certain remedy. Other medicines leave the system subject to a return of the disease—a cure by these medicines is permanent. Try them, be satisfied, and be cured.

Foulness of Complexion,

General Debility,

Gout, Giddiness, Gravel, Headache of every kind, Inward Fever, Inflammatory Rheumatism, Impure Blood, Jaundice, Loss of Appetite.

MERCURIAL DISEASES.—Never fails to eradicate entirely all the effects of Mercury infinitely sooner than the most powerful preparation of Sarsaparilla.

PILES.—The original proprietor of these medicines was cured of Piles of 35 years standing by the use of these Life Medicines alone.

Pains in the head, side, back, limbs, joints, and organs.

RHEUMATISM.—Those afflicted with this terrible disease will be sure of relief by the Life Medicines.

Scrofula, or King's Evil, in its worst forms, Ulcers of every description.

Worms, of all kinds, are effectually expelled by these Medicines. Parents will do well to administer them whenever their existence is suspected. Relief will be certain.

THE LIFE PILLS AND PHŒNIX BITTERS
PURIFY THE BLOOD,

and thus remove all disease from the system.

WM. B. MOFFAT, Proprietor,
335 Broadway, N. Y.

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By MAJOR JACK DOWNING.

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One Volume, price $1 25.

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498 Broadway, New-York.

VANITY FAIR,

THE NEW ILLUSTRATED

HUMOROUS AND SATIRICAL JOURNAL.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

"The *Punch* of America."—*N. Y. Herald*, Jan. 19

"If such a work can succeed, VANITY FAIR will and ought to do so. It has a good corps of writers, whose contributions promise to be set on a hill and shine accordingly."—*N. Y. Tribune.*

"VANITY FAIR is the best experiment of the kind yet made in the country. The paper has already contained many things worthy of *Punch* in his brightest days, nor is this surprising when it is known that some of the best wits and most graceful writers in the country contribute to its pages."—*N. Y. Evening Post.*

"There is a good deal in a name, and this name is, to our mind, better than *Punch*. The illustrations in VANITY FAIR have been the best ever produced in a comic paper in this country. They are beautifully drawn, carefully engraved, and not so entirely spoiled in the printing as, in many illustrated papers, woodcuts are spoiled on the press. If this paper shall continue, as it has begun, to take a high moral tone, to keep its pages scrupulously free from the too common wit whose only point is its vulgarity, to attack fearlessly and conscientiously the follies of the times, there will be a fair chance of its pushing its way to success and fame."—*The Independent* (N. Y.)

"The object of VANITY FAIR is a good one, and the parties engaged in it, so far as we are informed, are admirably qualified for their work."—*N. Y. Saturday Press,*

"This new comic paper has passed the trying ordeal of success, and is most decidedly entitled to the support of all those who love pure wit, dashed off from the pen or pencil."—*N. Y. Daily News.*

"There is *vim* in VANITY FAIR. Its illustrations are equal to those which have made *Punch* a power in the metropolis of England; and in fun, piquancy of manner, terseness and humor it equals its great trans-Atlantic cotemporary."—*N. Y. Dispatch.*

"Especially creditable, both in matter and appearance."—*N. Y. Sunday Times.*

"Its illustrations are superior to any that have heretofore appeared. . . . . The literary portion of the number is varied and entertaining."—*Boston Courier.*

"VANITY FAIR promises life and usefulness."—*N. Y. Leader.*

"VANITY FAIR bids fair to become one of the 'peculiar institutions' of the day."—*N. Y. Sunday Mercury.*

"That would certainly be a very mild criminal code which should prescribe nothing worse to take than VANITY FAIR. We wouldn't mind being shut up ourselves, for a time, in such companionship."—*National Anti-Slavery Standard.*

"It greatly excels any similar American publication, and is quite equal to *Charivari* or *Punch*."—*American Republic* (Macon, Ga.)

"Pungent and humorous, and shows much ability in its editorial management."—*Louisville Journal.*

"The whole affair is exceedingly clever."—*Philadelphia Evening Bulletin.*

"There is no small degree of smartness in VANITY FAIR."—*Philadelphia Press.*

"VANITY FAIR is the most piquant of hebdomadals. We could wish that it might sweep out of existence every other comic periodical we have."—*Buffalo Daily Courier.*

"Far in advance of any similar publications which have heretofore appeared in this country."—*New Hampshire Gazette.*

"The original articles possess much greater merit than we usually find in journals of this class."—*Portland Transcript.*

"It bids fair to be very popular, and gives evidence of a high order of literary and artistic talent."—*Hunterdon (N. J.) Republican.*

"Though scarcely two months old, 'It stalks the earth and awes the world around.' Its Illustrations tinge even the cheeks of *Punch*. Its onslaught on vice and folly makes it a terror to knaves and fools."—Justice Whitley's *Circuit Judge.*

"We heartily welcome VANITY FAIR to our literary repast, and shall look greedily for each weekly number."—*Architects' and Mechanics' Journal.*

"Capital and full of fun."—*Cincinnati Commercial.*

"Comes nearer the object than any of its predecessors."—*Newark Daily Advertiser.*

"One of the cleverest and brightest papers of the kind. . . . . The wittiest writers and artists of New-York contribute to it."—*Providence Journal.*

"This is the first really clever comic and satirical journal we have had in America—and really clever it is. It is both sharp and good-tempered, and not afraid to say that its soul is its own—which shows that it has a soul. Our readers will be glad to know where they can find native fun that has something better in it than mere *patois*."—*Atlantic Monthly.*

"This paper is excellent. . . . . Remarkable for originality."—*N. Y. Traveller.*

"VANITY FAIR is conducted by a vivacious, witty and intelligent corps of journalists."—*Litchfield* (Conn.) *Enquirer.*

"Will wield as potent an influence as that of the London *Punch*."—*Boston Traveller.*

"Whoever finds himself laughing at the wit of VANITY FAIR, and does not return a *quid pro quo*. is fit for 'treasons, stratagems, and spoils.'"—*N. Y. Crayon.*

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TERMS:

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Two copies of VANITY FAIR will be sent to one address for	$5 00
Five copies	13 00
Ten copies	23 00
Twenty copies	40 00

An Extra copy will be allowed to the getter-up of every Club of not less than five copies.

This paper is Electrotyped, and back numbers may be procured at any time.

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DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING.

There is a DESIGNING AND ENGRAVING DEPARTMENT attached to the VANITY FAIR Establishment, for the execution of Job Work. For advertisement containing particulars, see another column